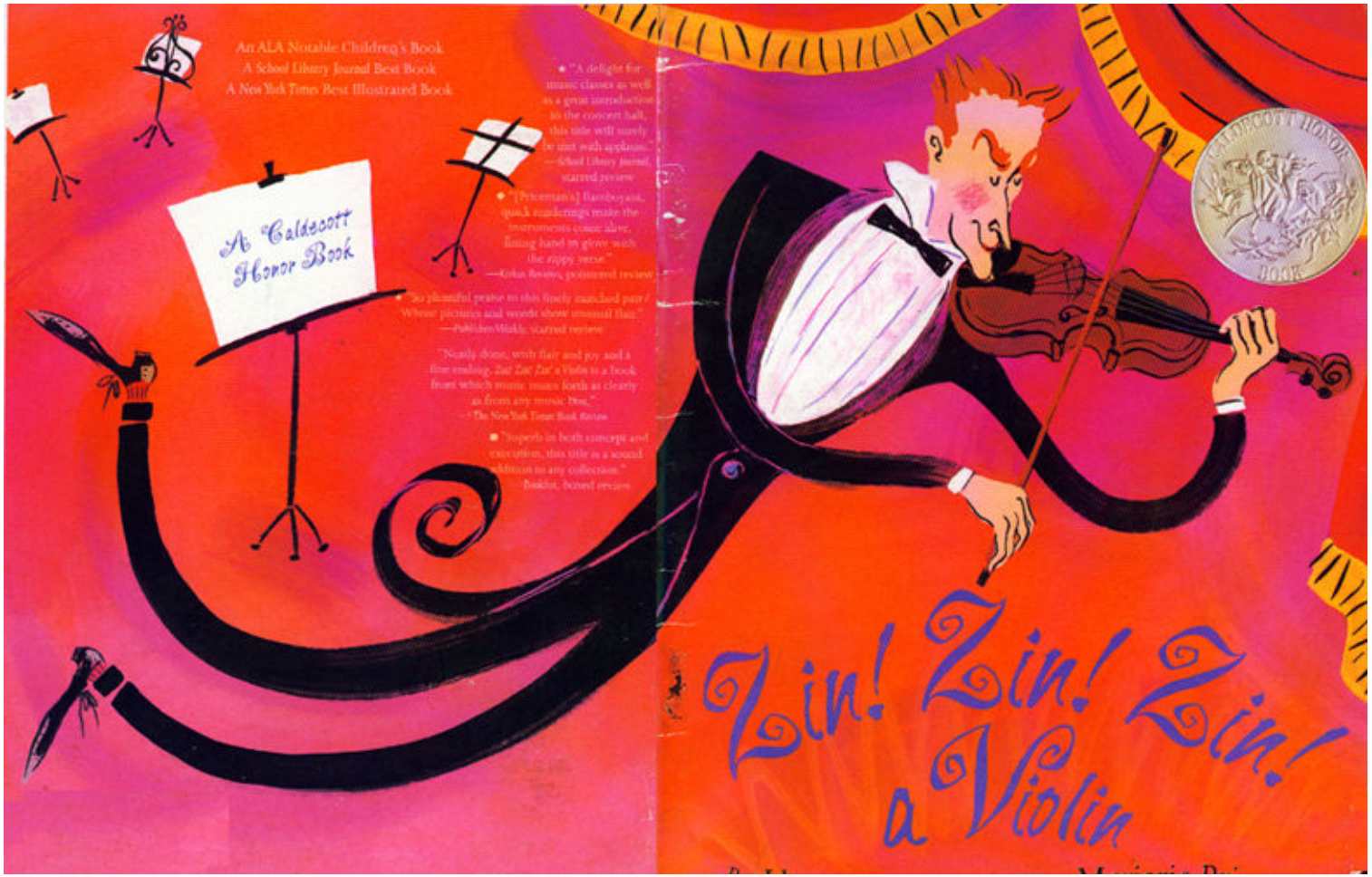
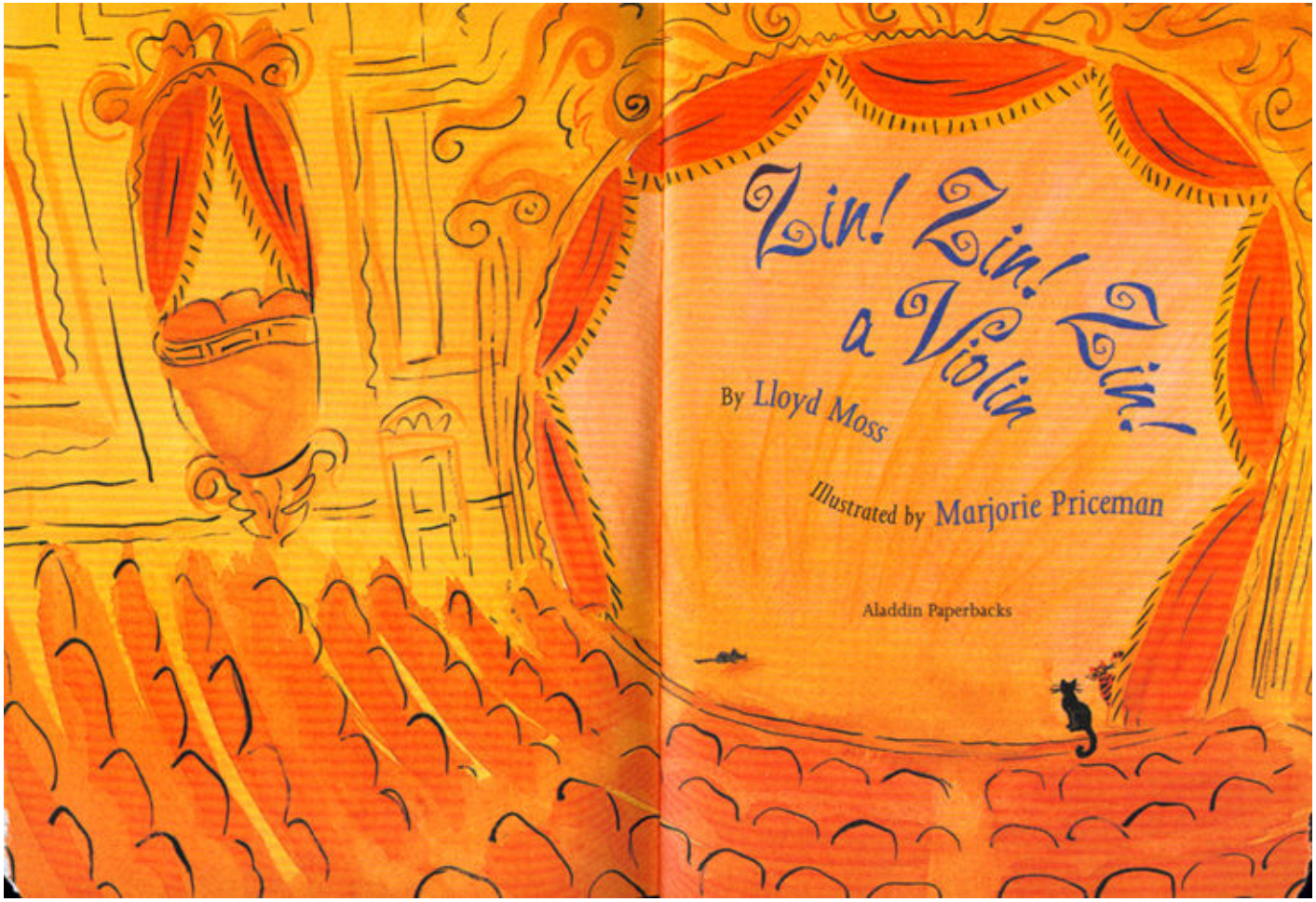


Zin! Zin! Zin! A Violin

By L. Moss



Zin! Zin! Zin! a Violin

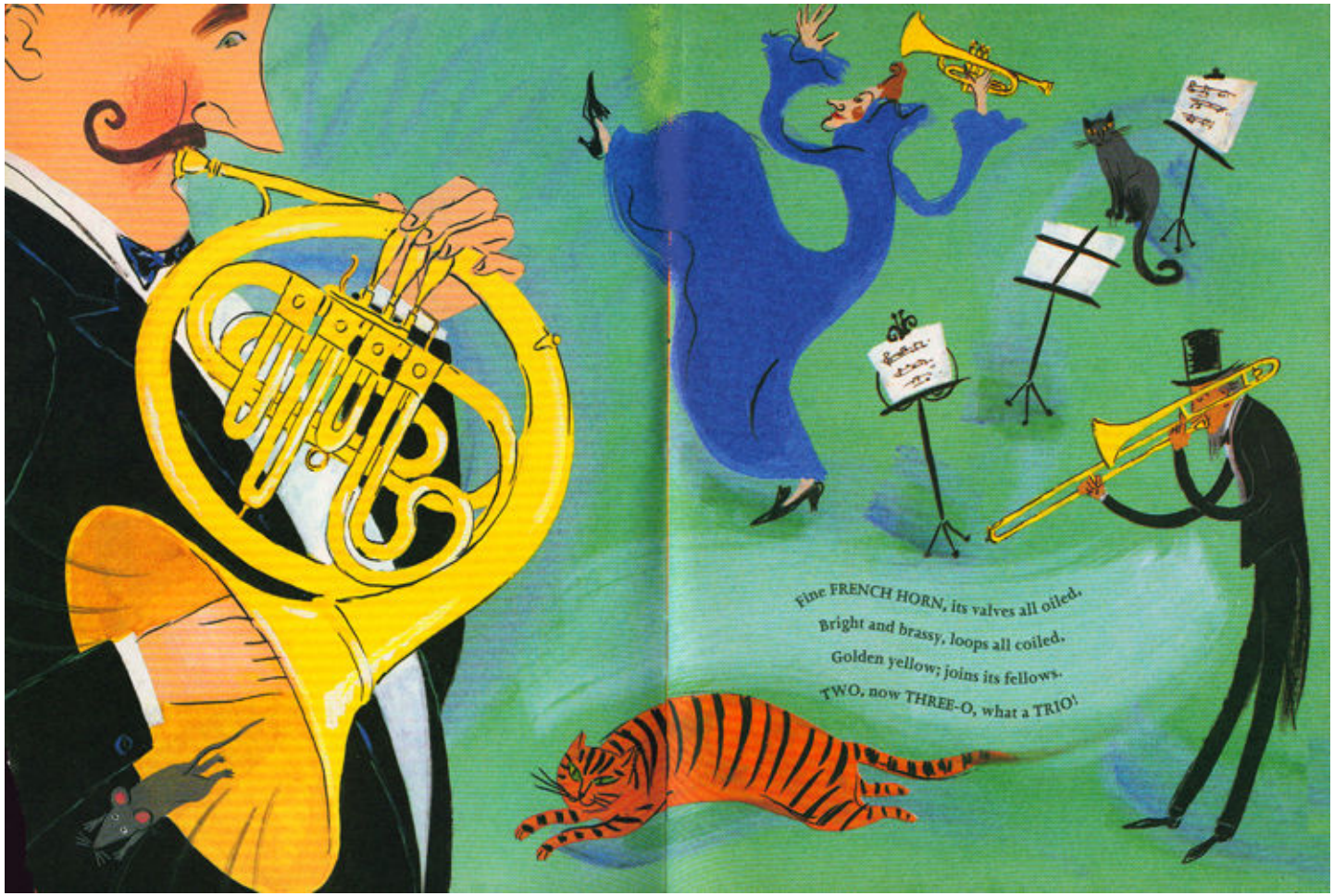
By Lloyd Moss

Illustrated by Marjorie Priceman

Aladdin Paperbacks

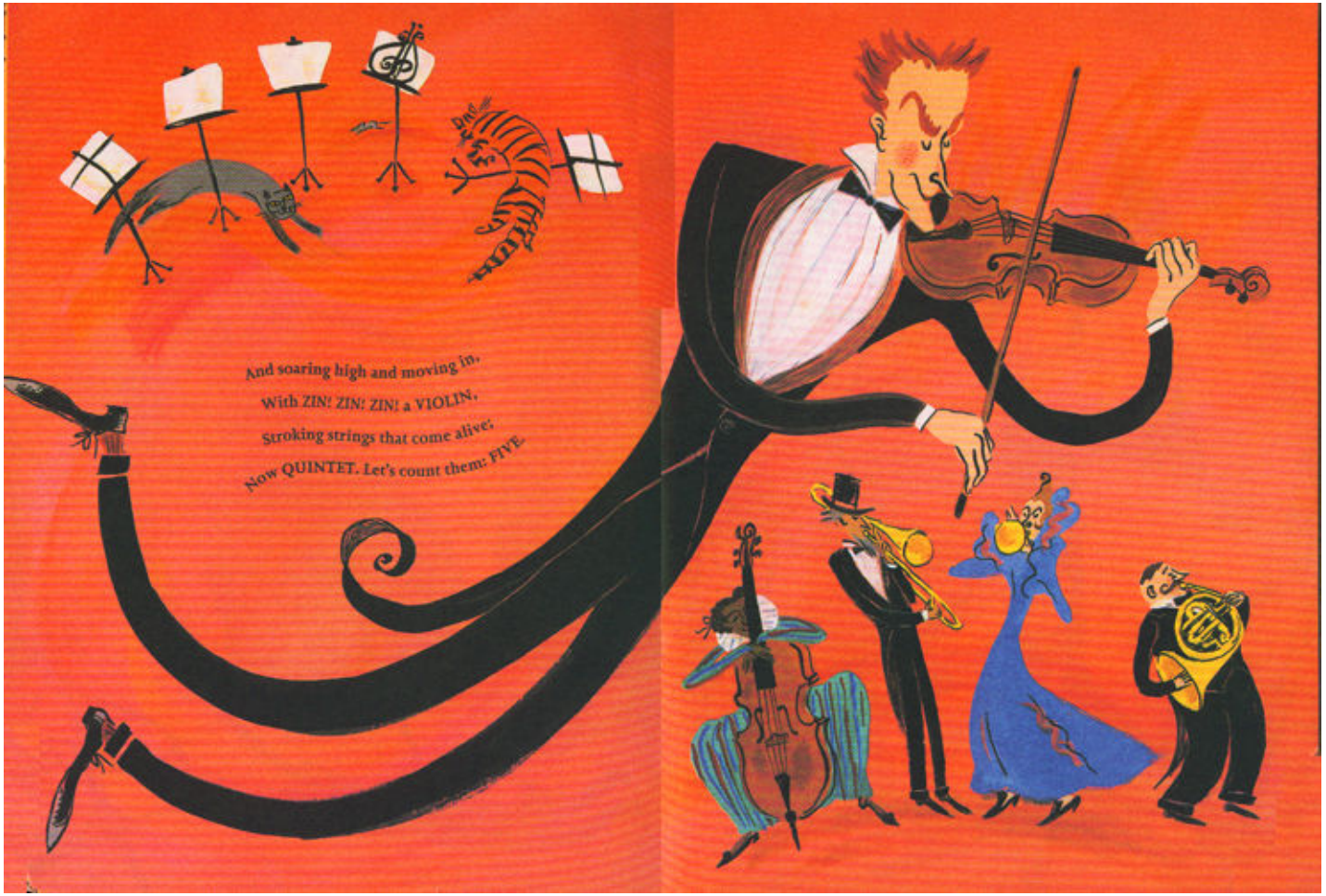
With mournful moan and silken tone,
Itself alone comes ONE TROMBONE.
Gliding, sliding, high notes go low,
ONE TROMBONE is playing SOLO.

Next, a TRUMPET comes along,
And sings and stings its swinging song,
It joins TROMBONE no more alone,
And ONE is TWO-O, they're a DUO.

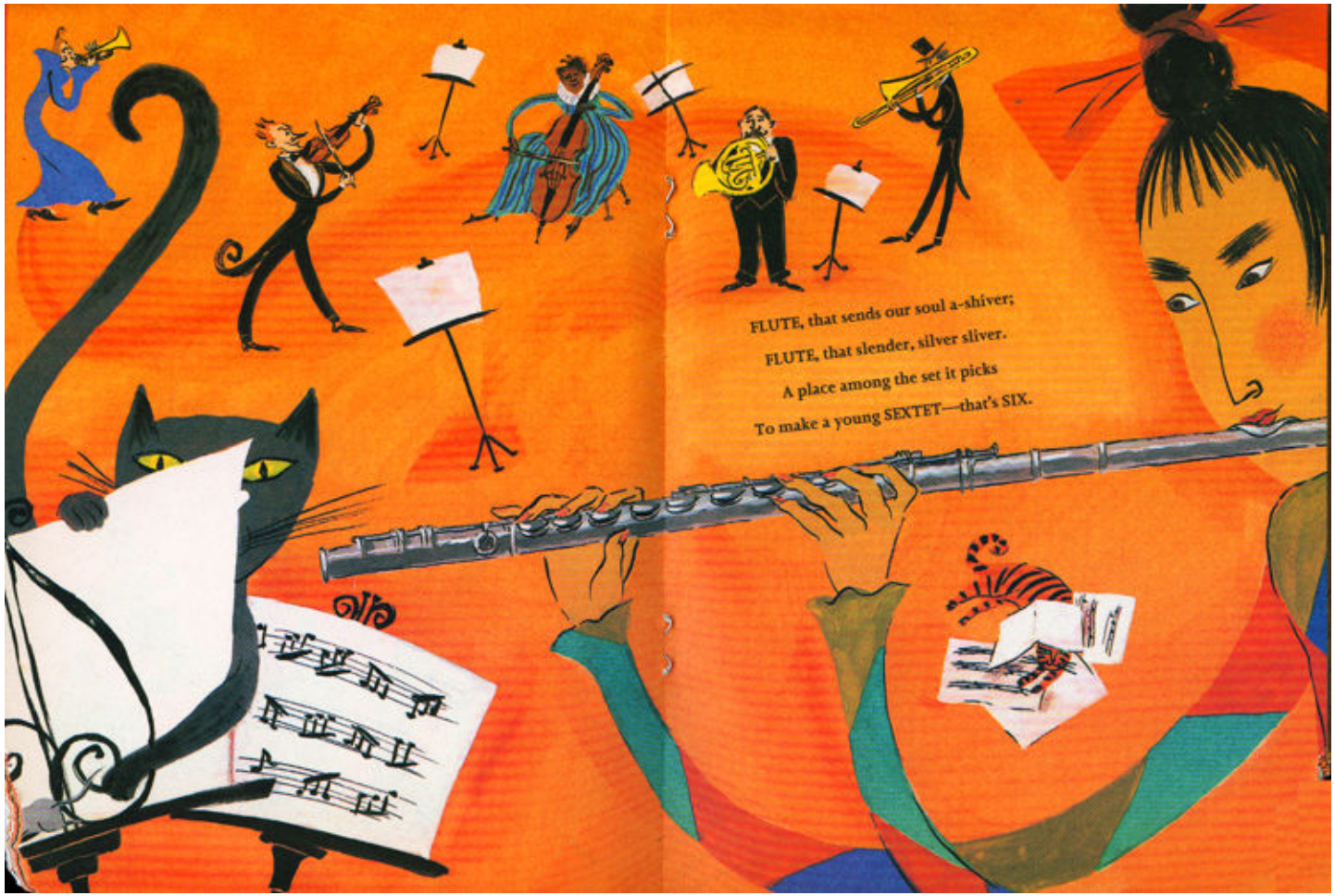


Fine FRENCH HORN, its valves all oiled,
Bright and brassy, loops all coiled,
Golden yellow, joins its fellow.
TWO, now THREE-O, what a TRIO!

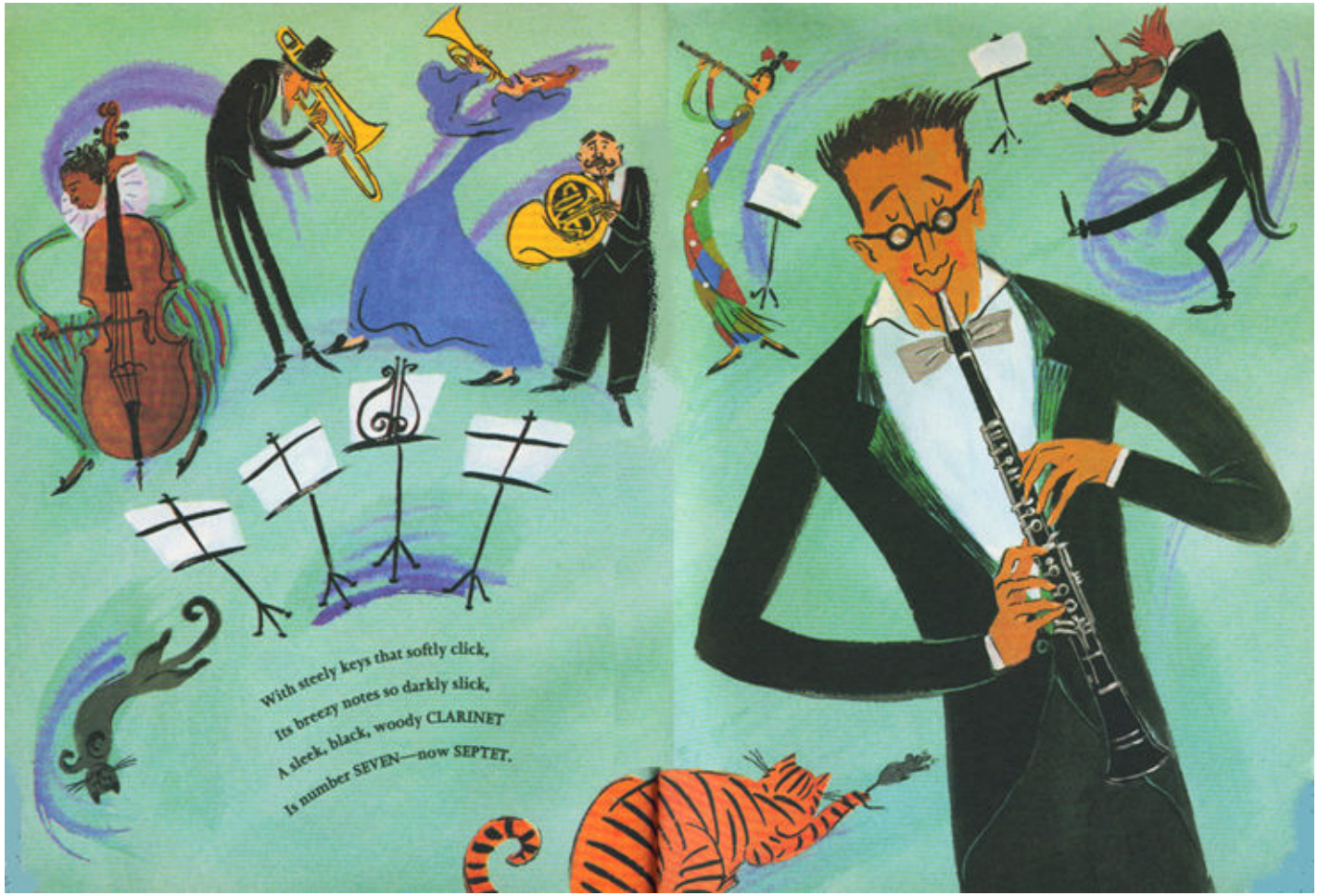
Now, a mellow friend, the CELLO,
Neck extended, bows a 'hello";
End pin set upon the floor,
It makes up a QUARTET - that's FOUR.



And soaring high and moving in,
With ZIN! ZIN! ZIN! a VIOLIN,
Stroking strings that come alive;
Now QUINTET. Let’s count them: FIVE.

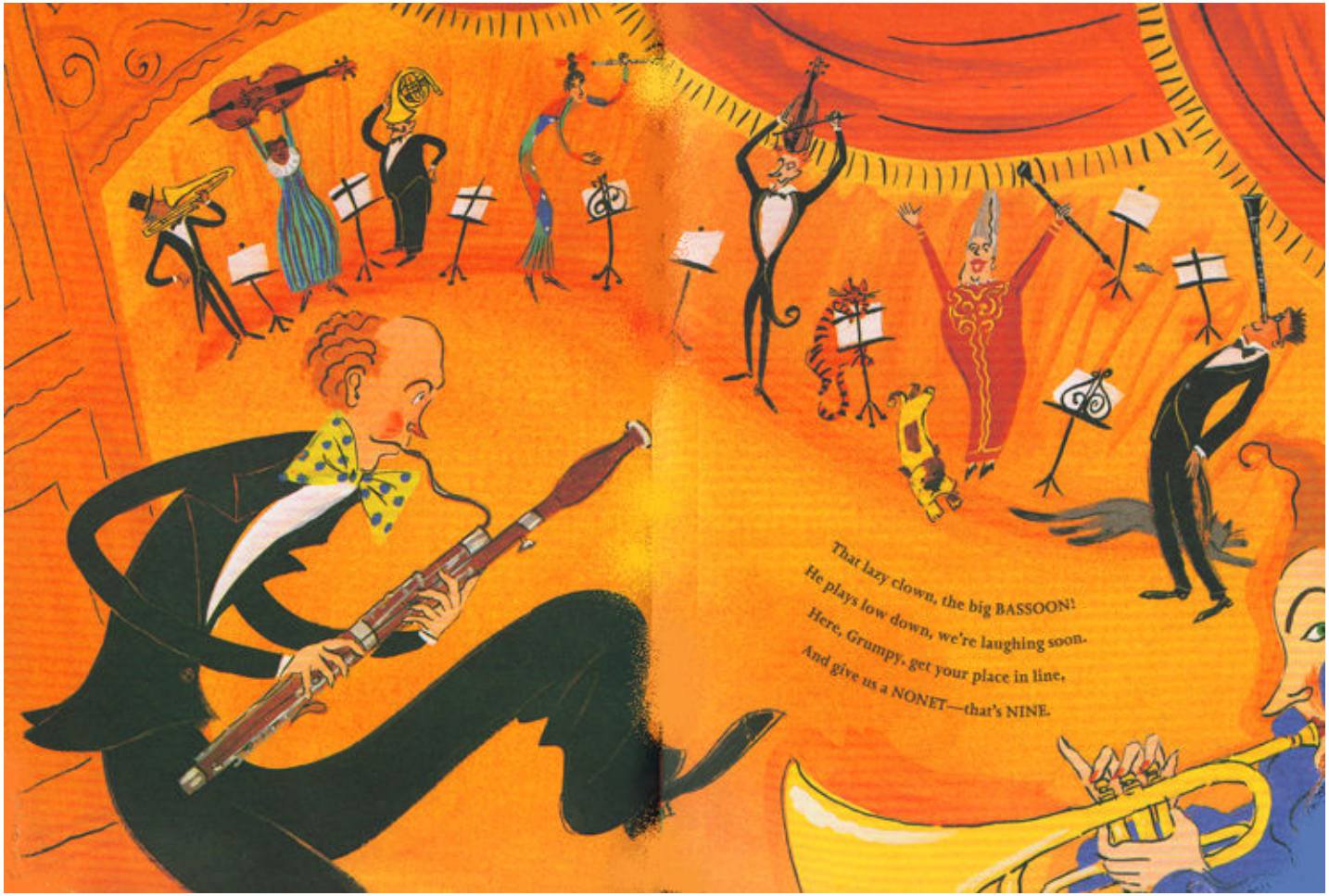


FLUTE, that sends our soul a-shiver,
FLUTE, that slender, silver sliver.
A place among the set it picks
To make a young SEXTET – that’s six.

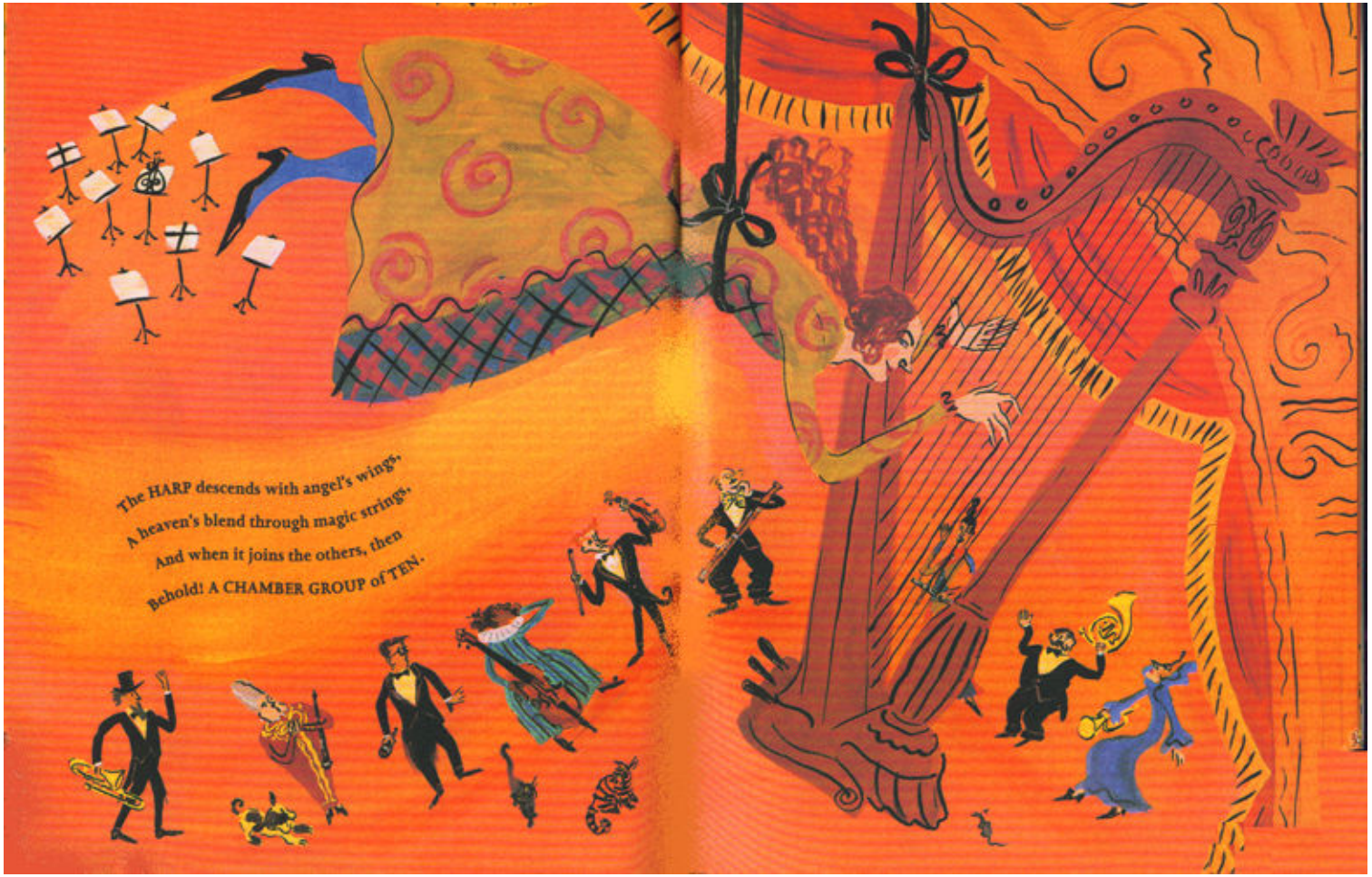


With steely keys that softly click,
Its breezy notes so darkly slick,
A sleek, black, woody CLARINET
Is number SEVEN, now SEPTET.

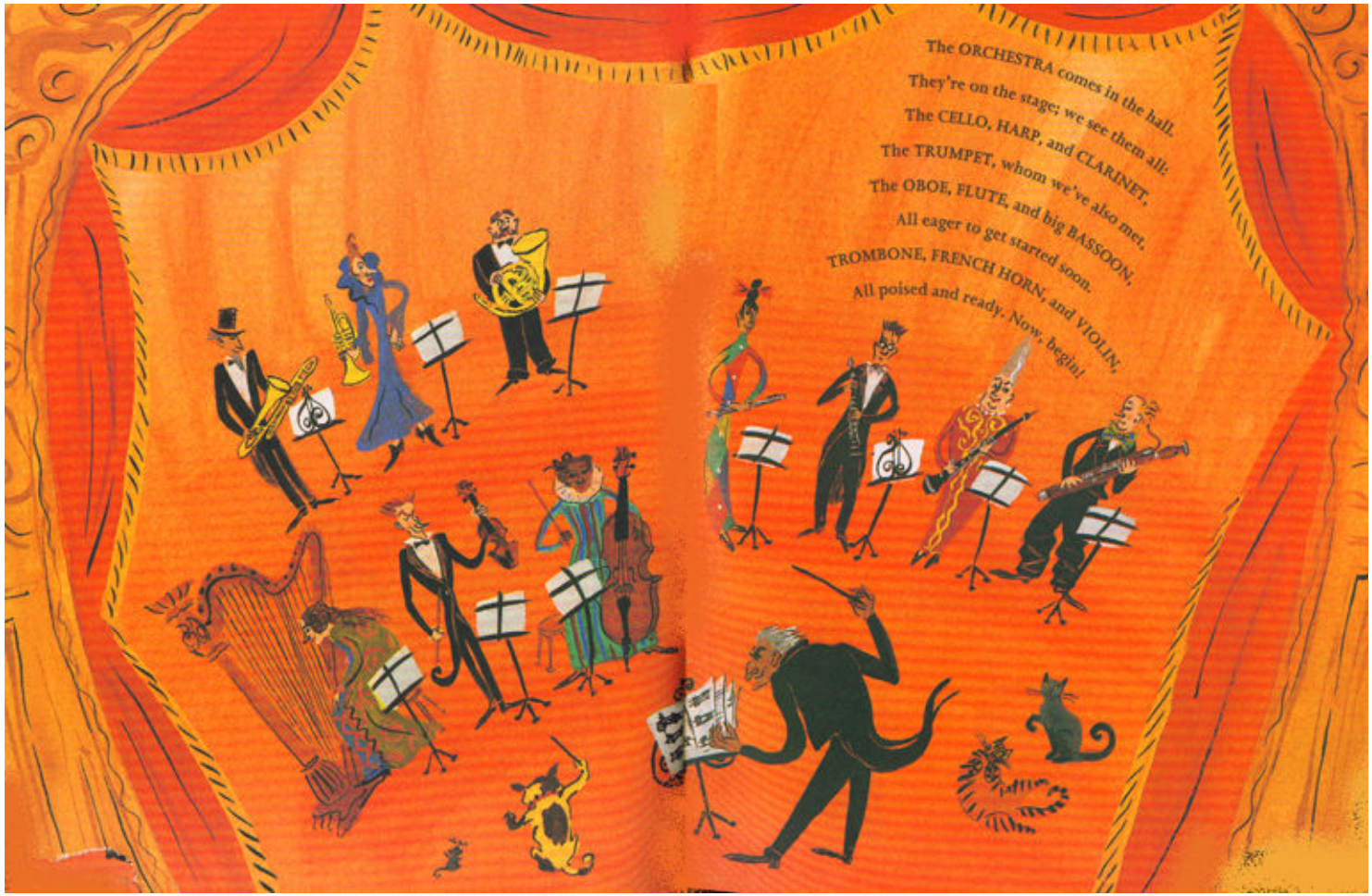
Gleeful, bleating, sobbing, pleading,
Through its throbbing double reeding;
OBOE, please don’t hesitate:
Come, make it an OCTET - that’s eight.



That lazy clown, the big BASSOON!
He plays low down, we're laughing soon.
Here Grumpy, get your place in line,
And give us a NONET - that's NINE.

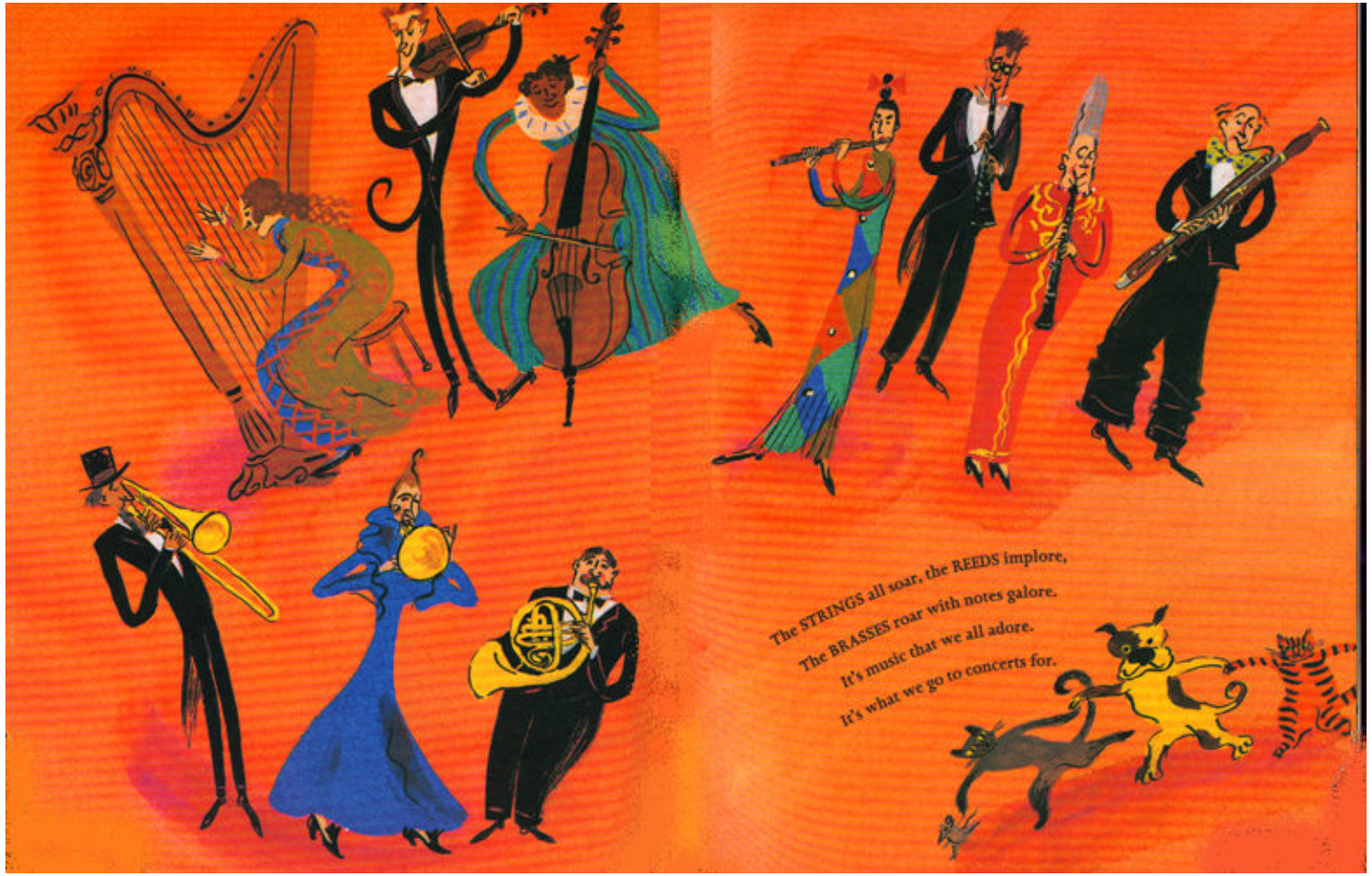


The HARP descends with angel’s wings,
A heaven’s blend through magic strings,
And when it joins the others, then
Behold! A CHAMBER GROUP of TEN.



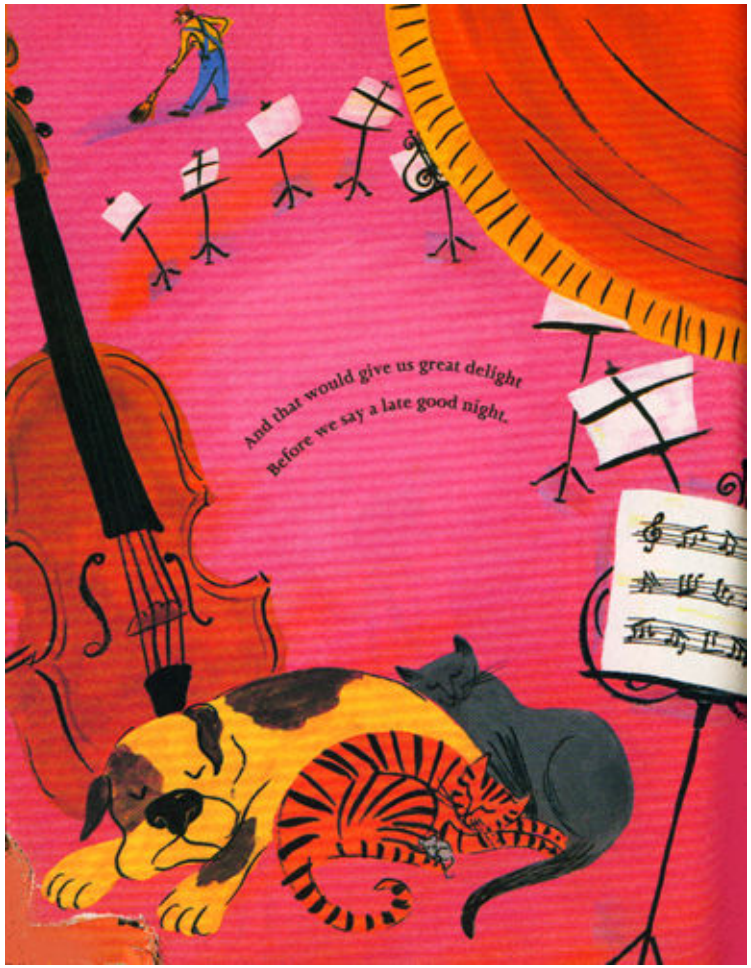
The ORCHESTRA comes in the hall.
They're on the stage, we see them all:
The CELLO, HARP, and CLARINET,
The TRUMPET, whom we've also met,

The OBOE, FLUTE, and big BASSOON,
All eager to get started soon.
TROMBONE, FRENCH HORN, and VIOLIN,
All poised and ready, now begin!



The STRINGS all soar, the REEDS implore,
The BRASSES roar with notes galore.
It’s music that we all adore.
It’s what we go to concerts for.

The minutes fly, the music ends,
And so, good-bye to our new friends.
But when they've bowed and left the floor,
If we clap loud and shout, "Encore!"
They may come out and play once more!



And that would give us great delight
Before we say a late good night!